

DOTTY

COMI

FULL
52
PAGES



JAN.

10

AND HER BOY FRIENDS



Money is unimportant here!!



Land of Cockaigne, a mythical place, has a modern artist's idea of this delightful paradise which was part of the folklore of European fairy, story and legend.

This is the Land of Cockaigne.

It's a wonderful place where the houses are built of cake and the shops are open to give you their merchandise for free.

Hens, roosters and other fowl wander about inviting folks to eat them. Here, buzzard larks fall from the sky like manna.

Wonderful place, Cockaigne . . . this land that's always free from want . . . where business cycles are unknown . . . where money is unnecessary.

Only trouble is you won't find this mythical place on any up-to-date map of the world.

We live in a land blessed with plenty—true enough. But the rub is that we will always need hard cash to buy the things we want.

You will need money to make a good down payment on a new home . . . to send the children to college when the time comes . . . or to keep well-supplied with fine food and little luxuries when it comes time to retire.

One of the best ways you can assure yourself that you will have the money you need for the things you want later in life is to *save* some now of the money you now earn in U.S. Savings Bonds.

These Bonds are the safest in the world. And they make money for you. Each \$25 you save today will grow to \$100 in just 30 years.

To start saving now . . . the automatic way, on the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or buy them regularly through your bank or post office.

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING— U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

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ANOTHER NIGHT OF CHECKING HATS AT THE EL KISCO CLUB HAS ENDED AND DOTTY IS GETTING READY TO GO HOME...

THREE MORE DAYS TO GO BEFORE THAT BIG BEAUX ARTS BALL, DOTTY! AND THEN I CAN HAVE YOU ALL FOR MYSELF--AT LEAST FOR A NIGHT! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

WE OUGHT TO HAVE A LOT OF FUN, BART!

HEY, BART--THE MADSTRO WANTS YOU INSIDE FOR A REHEARSAL!

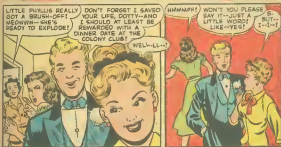
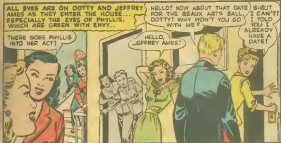
SORRY I CAN'T TAKE YOU HOME TONIGHT, DOTTY--BUT YOU KNOW--THE REHEARSAL FOR THE NEXT FLOOR SHOW--!

FORGET IT, BART! I THINK I'D LIKE TO WALK! I COULD HAVE HAD A LIFT WITH POLLY AND THE OTHER GIRLS IF I WANTED TO! G'NIGHT!



DOTTY'S DRESS BY ALLISON MILLER SHREVEPORT, LA.





I DON'T KNOW WHY SHE SHOULD HAVE ALL THE LUCK! FIRST SHE GETS BART TO TAKE HER TO THE BEAUX ARTS BALL--AND NOW A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE BEGGING HER FOR DINNER DATES!



I'LL PICK YOU UP AT SEVEN!

GOLLY, DOTTY! YOU SURE DID ALL RIGHT! JEFFREY AMES HIMSELF!

HOW'D YOU MEET HIM, DOTTY?



TELL US ALL ABOUT IT! WWWW--I'LL DO SOMETHING ABOUT THAT! AND I THINK I'LL START WITH BART!

THE NEXT DAY...BART RECEIVES A PHONE CALL FROM PHYLLIS...

WHAT DID YOU WANT TO SEE ME ABOUT, PHYLLIS? YOU SURE SOUNDED MYSTERIOUS ON THE PHONE!

WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR A LONG TIME, BART, AND I DON'T LIKE TO SEE ANYBODY MAKE A FOOL OF YOU--NOT EVEN DOTTY! BUT I FELT YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT SHE WOULD LIKE TO BREAK YOUR DATE FOR THE BEAUX ARTS BALL!

I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT! DOTTY WOULDN'T DINNER DO THAT TO ME--NOT EVEN FOR JEFFREY AMES! HAVE IT! DOTTY WOULDN'T DINNER WITH ME AT THE COLONY CLUB AND I'LL PROVE IT!



B-BUT I CAN'T AFFORD A SWANK PLACE LIKE THAT!

WE'LL GO OUTCH TREAT! PLEASE! I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO THERE! I--I'M GOING TO ASK FOR A TRIBUT FOR THEIR FLOOR SHOW--AND I CAN'T GO ALONE!



THAT'S NOT LIKE DOTTY! I--I--I ALL RIGHT! I'LL GO!

GOOD! PICK ME UP AT SEVEN!







NEXT DAY... PHYLLIS MAKES SURE SHE WALKS TO WORK WITH BART IN ORDER TO "NEEDLE" HIM ABOUT DOTTY...

HERE COMES DOTTY NOW, BART! YOU BETTER APOLOGIZE TO HER OR SHE WON'T GO TO THE BEAUX ARTS BALL WITH YOU!

THERE HE IS, DOTTY! TALK TO HIM! I'M SURE HE'S SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT!

OH YEAAAAH!



I WOULDN'T WANT TO STAND IN THE WAY OF YOU GOING TO THE BEAUX ARTS WITH JEFFREY AMES, DOTTY--SO YOU'RE RELEASED FROM OUR GATE!



THAT'S QUITE ALL RIGHT WITH ME! COME, POLLY!

DON'T FRET, BART! I'LL GO WITH YOU!



I'M NOT GOING!

GREENE!



JUST THEN...? HI! DID DOTTY GET HERE YET?

SHE'S INSIDE!

MAYBE MY FIRST IDEA BACK-FIRED, BUT I'M GETTING ANOTHER ONE!



HELLO, JEFFREY! IF YOU STILL WOULD LIKE TO TAKE ME TO THE BEAUX ARTS BALL--I'LL BE GLAD TO GO WITH YOU!

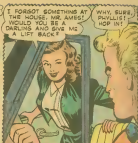
WHY--THAT'S GREAT, DOTTY! I'M NOT USED TO SUCH GOOD NEWS SO EARLY IN THE MORNING!





TUM DE GUM DUM!
IT'S A GREAT MORNING--
LA DE GA!

GRRRRR--I
KNEW IT!
DOTTY IS
GOING WITH
HIM!



I FORGOT SOMETHING AT
THE HOUSE. MR. AMES!
WOULD YOU BE A
DARLING AND GIVE ME
A LIFT BACK?

WHY, SURE,
PHYLLIS!
HOP IN!



I GUESS YOU BROKE UP A
BEAUTIFUL ROMANCE
BETWEEN DOTTY AND BART,
MR. AMES!

WHAT--
WHAT DO
YOU
MEAN?



WHY, I THOUGHT YOU
KNEW! SEEMS THAT
YOUR MONEY AND
SOCIAL POSITION
GATELEO DOTTY, SO
SHE GAVE BART THE
DATE! POOR BART--
HE WAS SO MUCH
IN LOVE WITH HER!

MY MONEY, EH?
SEEMS THAT EVERY-
BODY LIKES ME BE-
CAUSE MY FATHER
IS GEORGE AMES,
THE BIG BANKER!
I GUESS I WAS
KIDDING MYSELF BE-
CAUSE I THOUGHT
DOTTY LIKED ME
FOR MYSELF!



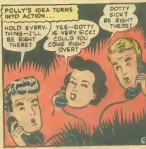
BUT I GUESS SHE'S
JUST LIKE ALL THE
OTHERS! MONEY! I
WISH I NEVER
HAD IT!

IT WOULDN'T MAKE
ANY DIFFERENCE TO
ME IF YOU DIDN'T
HAVE A CENT!



SO... I DON'T THINK
YOU'D HAVE A
GOOD TIME WITH
A WALKING BUNDLE
OF MONEY, DOTTY, SO
WE BETTER CANCEL
OUR DATE!

B-BUT I--I--
(GULP) IF--THAT'S
THE WAY--YOU--
WANT IT! GIVE!





MINUTE LATER...

HOW IS SHE? DID YOU CALL THE DOCTOR?

POOR KID! SHE'S BEEN WORKING TOO HARD! WHERE IS SHE, POLLY?



GOTTY BABY! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

WHAT'S WRONG, DOTTY?

JEFFREY! BART!



ANYWAY I GOT THEM ALL TOGETHER!

HOW CARE YOU TWO COME HERE AFTER WHAT YOU SAID! I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR OLD MONEY, JEFFREY AMES! AS FOR YOU, BART--YOU OUGHT TO KNOW THAT I'D NEVER BREAK OUR DATE--NOT EVEN FOR A JEFFREY AMES!

B-BUT--!



B-BUT PHYLLIS TOLD ME--THAT IS--!

YEAH, DOTTY! PHYLLIS-- SOMEBODY SAID THAT-- CALL MY NAME!



SHE'S THE ONE--

NOW--LET--ME EXPLAIN! I--I WAS ONLY TRYING TO HELP--I THAT IS--I MEAN--!

I KNEW IT!

YEAH!

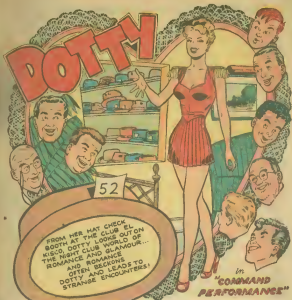
NICE PITCHING, POLLY!

BULL'S EYE!



SO, THE NIGHT OF THE BEAUX ARTS BALL...

WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE BALL, PHYLLIS, AND I JUST KNOW WE'LL ALL HAVE A LOVELY TIME! DON'T FORGET TO GO TO BED REAL EARLY AND I'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT NIGHTY, NIGHT!



AL HAYES

LATE IN THE AFTERNOON, AS EL KISCO STARTS TO MAKE UP FOR THE EVENING...



AN UNUSUAL VISITOR ENTERS THE CLUB!

I SEE YOUR PARDON





HELLO. IS THERE ANY WAY I CAN HELP YOU?



I. I KNOW IT LOOKS MIGHTY STRANGE BARGING IN LIKE THIS, MISS, BUT I JUST HAVE TO!

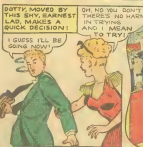


IF IT'S MONEY

OH, NO, IT'S NOTHING LIKE THAT! YOU SEE, I'M A SINGER LOOKING FOR A JOB! I'VE POUNDED THE PAVEMENT CLEAR THROUGH, BUT NO LUCK!



I NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE THE NERVE TO WALK INTO A NIGHT CLUB AND TALK LIKE THIS, BUT I. I'M DESPERATE! EXCUSE ME FOR TAKING YOUR TIME, MISS...



DOTTY, MOVED BY THIS SHY, EARNEST LAD, MAKES A QUICK DECISION!

I GUESS I'LL BE GOING NOW!

OH, NO YOU DON'T! THERE'S NO HARM IN TRYING AND I MEAN TO TRY!



WHAT? PLAY A TUNE FOR A CHARACTER THAT STUMBLES IN OFF THE STREET?

PLEASE, GREG, HE'S SUCH A NICE BOY AND BESIDES, WHO KNOWS? HE MIGHT HAVE TALENT!

THE UNKNOWN
STEPS BEFORE A
HOSTILE AUDIENCE

THEY'LL BE
A RIOT!

IF THAT KID'S
A WARBLER,
I'M CROSBY!

SHHH!



I'M IN LOVE WITH A DREAM,
AND THAT DREAM IS YOU.



AS HE FINISHES, A HUSH
FALLS ON THE CROWD..



LET ME
THROUGH!
LET ME
THROUGH!

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU
ARE, KID, BUT IF YOU'RE
LOOKING FOR A JOB,
YOU'VE GOT IT - AT
THE EL KISCO!

I'M, GOSH!
JOE HANLEY
SIR!

GREAT
GOING,
HANLEY!

YOU DID IT! YOU'RE
WONDERFUL! AND
I DON'T EVEN
KNOW YOUR NAME!

YOU
CAN
CALL
ME
DOTTY
JOE!

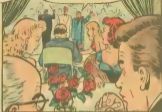


THAT NIGHT, A NEW STAR
BLAZES AT EL KISCO!

HE'S
GOING ON
IN A
MINUTE!

YOU'VE ALL HEARD SINGERS AND
CROONERS, FOLKS! WELL I WANT
YOU TO HEAR THE BEST OF THE
BEST JOE HANLEY!

HURRY, BILL! I WANT TO
HEAR THE NEW SINGER!



JOE'S VOICE DOES
THINGS TO PEOPLE...

ISN'T HE
DEVINE?

I MUST
MEET HIM!

THANKS, THANKS, EVERY-
BODY! I'LL BE BACK, BUT
THERE'S SOMEBODY I'VE
GOT TO SEE... NOW!

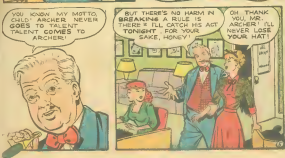
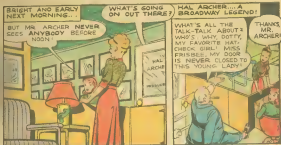


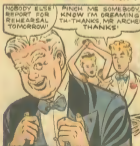
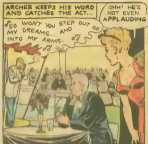
DOTTY! YOU DID THIS
FOR ME! WITHOUT YOU,
I'D BE NOTHING AT
ALL!

JUST KEEP RIGHT
ON SINGING,
HANLEY-STYLE,
JOE!

AND ABOVE ALL, DON'T BE
SURPRISED AT WHAT HAPPENS
NEXT, I'VE GOT PLANS!







BUT, AS OPENING NIGHT NEARS, A CHANGE COMES OVER JOE HANLEY...

SOFT PEDAL THAT PIANO! THE CUSTOMERS WANT TO HEAR ME NOT YOU.



LOOKS LIKE HANLEY'S GETTING TEMPERMENTAL.

SOON, THE WHOLE TOWN'S TALKING!

THAT'S JOE HANLEY HE USED TO BE A SWELL GUY!

I HEAR HE'S SO CONCEITED HE DOESN'T WALK WITH HIS OWN SHADOW!



AND, AFTER THE SHOW OPENS...



IT'S ANOTHER ARCHER HIT!

EL PASO, SCENE OF AN AFTER THEATRE CELEBRATION

JOE! CONGRATULATIONS!

WILL YOU CHECK THIS PLEASE?

C'MON HONEY, LET'S GO!



LATER THAT NIGHT...

YOU CAN KEEP THE CHANGE, GIRL!

THANKS, MR. HANLEY!



AND INTO THE SMALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT...

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I HATE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO JOE AND I WON'T LET IT GO ON!



HURT AND BEMILDERED,
DOTTY REVISITS
HAL ARCHER....

IT'S SO ASHAMED OF
JOE, MR. ARCHER!

HE'S BEEN COMPLETELY
SPOILED AND I FEEL GUILTY!
JOE WAS SUCH A SHY, SINCERE
BOY TILL SUCCESS WENT TO
HIS HEAD!

AH! I WAS ANTICIPATING
A VISIT FROM YOU, DOTTY!



IF, IF YOU DON'T
MIND, I HAVE A
PLAN WHICH
MAY HELP!

I'LL COOPERATE
IN ANYTHING
THAT WILL REDUCE
THE SWELLING IN
HANLEY'S HEAD,
MY DEAR!

I WAS THINKING...HOW
ABOUT A BENEFIT SHOW?
WE COULD ASK ALL THE
BIG STARS IN TOWN AND-

AND
HANLEY? A VERY
SHREWD
PLAN, DOTTY!



THE INVITATIONS
GO OUT AND...

YEAH,
HEY!

CERTAINLY!

WILL YOU GIVE
YOUR TIME AND
TALENT TO A
BENEFIT SHOW
FOR CHILDREN
WHOSE PARENTS
CAN'T AFFORD
TO LIVE?

HATCH!

BUT....

WHO, ME? WHY
SHOULD I SING
FOR NOTHING?
THE ANSWER IS
ABSOLUTELY
NO!



NEWS TRAVELS FAST ALONG
THE BROADWAY GRAPEVINE...

WHAT NEW STAR THINKS
HE'S TOO GOOD TO
DONATE HIS SINGING
VOICE TO A DESERVING
CHARITY?

**Broadway
Chatter**

Note to H.
Depression and
scandal have no
place in show
business show
out there right
now?

ARE ARE
THEY TALKING
ABOUT ME?

EVERY BIG
STAR IN TOWN
WILL BE THERE!

WHO DOES
HE THINK
HE IS?

IT'S BUSINESS AS
USUAL AT EL RISCO
THAT AFTERNOON
WHEN...

WELL, LOOK WHO
BLEW IN! THE
BOY WONDER
WITH THE
BIG HEAD!

ODDITY!
I'VE GOT
TO TALK
TO YOU!

I MADE A STUPID MISTAKE,
DODDY! BELIEVE ME, I'VE
LEARNED THAT A GUY HAS
TO BE HUMAN AND
DECENT IF HE WANTS
TO BE HAPPY! WILL
YOU GIVE ME
ANOTHER
BREAK?

OH,
JOE,
YOU'VE
COME
BACK!

AT THE BENEFIT SHOW,
JOE PROVES IT!

AND WHEN HIS
SONG IS ENDED...

THEY'RE TAKING HIM TO
THEIR HEARTS AGAIN
AND THIS TIME IT'S
FOR KEEPS!

FOR
CHILDREN'S
CAMP

JOE! WHY
AREN'T YOU
OUT THERE,
TAKING YOUR
BOWS?

I'D RATHER BE
WITH YOU, DODDY!
COULDN'T WE
TAKE UP WHERE
WE LEFT OFF,
DODDY? I'VE
BEEN SUCH A
FOOL!

I'M SORRY
JOE! I KNOW
YOU'RE
GRATEFUL,
BUT LET'S
KEEP IT
FRIEND-
SHIP.
SHALL WE?

I-IF THAT'S
WHAT YOU
WANT, DODDY,
BUT I'LL
ALWAYS
BE SORRY
I LOST
OUT WITH
YOU!

ROMANCE for Sale

Her heart was for sale to the highest bidder...
but she didn't figure on LOVE putting in a
bid that couldn't be topped!



LAURA MITCH AND TWO FORMER SCHOOL MATES ARE
HAVING A RELAXING LUNCH IN THE RESTAURANT ON
ONE OF THE CITY'S LARGEST DEPARTMENT STORES...



IT'S HARD TO
BELIEVE YOU'VE
BEEN MARRIED A
WHOLE YEAR,
ANNE!

I'M SO HAPPY - I CAN HARDLY
BELIEVE IT MYSELF! I JUST
SPENT THREE DELICIOUS HOURS
BUYING THINGS FOR OUR
NEW HOME, LAURA!



WELL...ANNE IS
HAPPY AND I'M
HAPPY AND MY
CAREER! BUT
HOW ABOUT
YOU, LAURA?

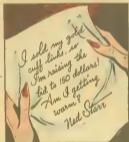
A SUCCESSFUL
MARRIAGE IS
GOING TO BE
MY CAREER
GIRL!







THE NEXT MORNING... THE FLOREST LEAVES TWO
PACKAGES AT LAURA'S DOOR...











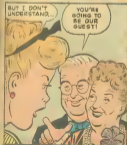
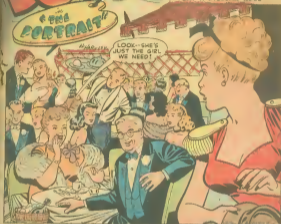
SUR-PRIZE CONTEST WINNERS

- 1ST PRIZE \$15 PEGGY PIPER ROUTE "2, COVINGTON, GA.
 2ND PRIZE \$5 DOLORES CALDWALL 1659 81ST AVE., SAN JOSE, CALIF.
 3RD PRIZE \$3 BEVERLY BERNOWITZ 485 ALABAMA AVE. B'KLYN, N.Y.
 4TH PRIZE \$2 HERBERT LEE 105 EMERSON, BAMMER SPRINGS, KAN.

OUR SINCERE THANKS TO THE MANY THOUSANDS OF READERS WHO SENT IN WONDERFUL LETTERS. WE WISH IT WERE POSSIBLE TO GIVE YOU ALL A PRIZE! BUT THE WHOLE GANG IN BUCKY CORNED ARE BRAGGING FOR THE NICE THINGS THEIR LOYAL FANS SAID ABOUT THEM.

DOTTY

THE WORLD OF AFTER-DARK!
IT TWINKLES WITH COMEDY,
BLAZES WITH TRAGEDY, TEEMS
WITH LIFE, LAUGHTER... LOVE!
FROM HER HAT CHECK BOOTH
AT EL KISCO, DOTTY SEES
HUNDREDS OF DRAMAS UNFOLD
EVERY NIGHT. BUT TONIGHT,
SHE HERSELF IS CALLED... TO
PLAY A STELLAR ROLE!



DOTTY'S COMMITTED HERSELF...FOR BETTER OR WORSE! A HALF HOUR LATER...

MADAME OLGA, WE WANT TO SEE EVERYTHING AND QUICKLY!

I--I--WONDER WHAT THEY EXPECT OF ME?



MRS. SUMMERS, I WISH YOU'D EXPLAIN ALL THIS...THIS...

I WILL, DOTTY! YOU SEE, FOR YEARS CHARLES AND I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO GET A GUY REYNOLDS PAINTING!



AFTER YEARS OF FAILURE, WE FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN SNAKING GUY REYNOLDS AS OUR WEEKEND GUEST... FOR THIS VERY WEEKEND!

BUT WHERE DO I FIT IN?



WHEN ANOTHER GIRL DISAPPOINTED ME, I KNEW I HAD TO HAVE A SUBSTITUTE GUEST, MY DEAR, YOU!

MRS. SUMMERS, THAT'S NOT FAIR! I'M NOT A SOCIETY GIRL. I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT ART, I...



YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL AND CHARMING, DOTTY! AND IT WOULD BE A GREAT FAVOR TO US IF YOU AGREE! I KNOW YOU AND GUY REYNOLDS WILL MAKE A WONDERFUL COMBINATION!

WELL... IF YOU'RE SURE THERE'S NOTHING WRONG!

THE SALLIE OF CHARMES HAS BROUGHT ITS MAGIC!

ALL RIGHT, MRS. SUMMERS... I'LL DO IT!

MADAMOISELLE IS PERFECTLY BEAUTIFUL!

ALL RIGHT, MRS. SUMMERS... I'LL DO IT!



NEXT MORNING.

THIS IS OUR SUMMER HOME, DOTTY!

THERE MUST BE A CATCH TO THIS: WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

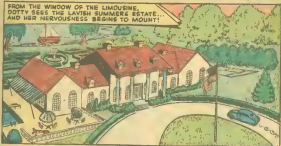


JUST BE YOUR SWEET SELF, DOTTY! WE WANT BUY REYNOLDS TO HAVE A CHARMING COMPANION!

AND THEN...PERHAPS WE'LL CONSENT TO PAINT A PICTURE FOR US!



FROM THE WINDOW OF THE LIMOUSINE, DOTTY SEES THE LAVISH SUMMERS ESTATE... AND HER NERVOUSNESS BEGINS TO MOUNT!



SHOWN TO HER ROOM, DOTTY DRESSES FOR DINNER...

SHALL I TELL MR. AND MRS. SUMMERS... AND MR. REYNOLDS... THAT YOU'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, MISS?

Y... YES, PLEASE! OH... I WISH I WERE HOME!

IT'S TOO LATE FOR WISHING, DOTTY!

DOTTY, THIS IS BUY REYNOLDS!

HOW... DO YOU... DO?



WHY HE'S NICE! I DIDN'T HAVE TO LET ALL THAT MYSTERY SCARE ME! WE'RE GOING TO GET ALONG FINE!



DOTTY'S INSTINCT WAS RIGHT! SHE AND GUY GET ALONG... BEAUTIFULLY...

MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I HAVEN'T MET YOU SOONER, DOTTY!

THE WORLD'S A BIG PLACE, MR. REYNOLDS, AND WE HAVE MET AFTER ALL!



IT'S BEEN A WONDERFUL EVENING, MR. REYNOLDS! GOODNIGHT, EVERYBODY!

GOOD-NIGHT, DOTTY! PLEASE CALL ME GUY! AND REMEMBER... WE HAVE AN EXTRA-SPECIAL DATE... AT SUNRISE!



SUNRISE!



IT'S A PERFECT DAY FOR GUY AND DOTTY!



I WOULD HAVE ACCEPTED THE SUMMERS' INVITATION MUCH SOONER...HAD I KNOWN YOU'D BE HERE, DOTTY!

BELIEVE ME, GUY, I'M JUST AS SURPRISED AS YOU ARE!





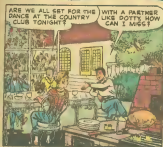
Y'KNOW SOMETHING, SKIPPET? YOUR COMPANY ISN'T HARD TO TAKE, IN FACT... I LIKE IT!

THANKS, CAPTAIN!... OH, THERE ARE MR. AND MRS. SUMMERS!



AGATHA, MY DEAR, I THINK THIS IS WORKING OUT BETTER THAN WE HOPED!

IT LOOKS THAT WAY, CHARLES, THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING FUN TOGETHER!



ARE WE ALL SET FOR THE DANCE AT THE COUNTRY CLUB TONIGHT?

WITH A PARTNER LIKE DOTTY, HOW CAN I MISS?



AT THE CLUB THAT NIGHT, DOTTY AND GUY SEEM TO BE DANCING ON THEIR OWN PRIVATE CLOUD...



BUT, IN REALITY...

IT LOOKS LIKE A ROMANCE, DOESN'T IT?

COME ON, DOTTY, LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! AS A WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS ONCE SAID, "I WANT TO BE ALONE"... WITH YOU!

THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!
AN OPEN CAR, YOU
AND A COUPLE OF
HAMBURGERS... AN
UNBEATABLE TRIPLE
PLAY!

HEMM, NOW THAT
YOU MENTION
HAMBURGERS...

I DIDN'T KNOW YOU'D
STOOP TO HAMBURGERS,
GUY!

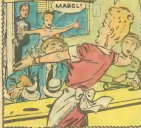
OH, SOMETIMES
I LIKE TO GO
SLUMMING.
LET'S GO!



MABEL'S PLACE HAS A
SURPRISE FOR DOTTY...

DOTTY!

MABEL!



IT'S BEEN AGES! AFTER
MY BOSS BROKE DOWN
FROM HOOFIN' IT, I BROKE
INTO THE WASH-GLININ'
RACKET AN' THE BOX
OFFICE IS TERRIF!

I'M SO
GLAD TO
SEE YOU.
I COULD
CRY!



OH, GUY, I'M SORRY! I
WANT YOU TO MEET MABEL
WILLIS. SHE AND I SHARED
A TWO-BY-NOTHING ROOM
IN A RUN-DOWN BROADWAY
HOTEL ONCE!

SO LIKE TO
LEAVE,
DOTTY, IF
YOU DON'T
MIND!

HI, GUY!



GUY! WHAT'S
WRONG?

CAN'T YOU
GUESS?



YOU HAVEN'T SAID A WORD ALL THE WAY HOME!

I'M GOING TO SAY PLENTY...NOW! LET'S GO TO THE ROSE ARBOR!

I'VE BEEN RATHER STUPID HAVEN'T I? AND YOU'VE BEEN A REMARKABLE ACTRESS FOR AN ADVENTRESS!

WHAT... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

SO MABEL WILLIS IS YOUR KIND OF "FRIEND"... A LOUD, CHEAP EX-SHOWGIRL! WHAT KIND OF A GIRL ARE YOU IN THAT CASE?

I'M THE MABEL WILLIS KIND SINCE YOU ASK! OUR MANNERS MAY NOT BE SO SMOOTH, BUT WE KNOW WHAT FRIENDSHIP MEANS! AND WE DETEST...SNOBS!

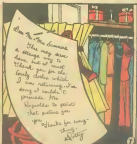


DOTTY MAKES THE ONLY HONEST DECISION...

HE THINKS I'M A FAKE...OUT TO SNARE HIM! AS THOUGH HE'S WORTH SNARING! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO!



Dear Mr. The dominant
This may seem
a strange way to
leave, but it must
Thank you for the
lovely clothes which
I am returning. I'm
sorry it couldn't be
provided for
Remember to tell
that notice you
I'm thankful for every
thing.
Dotty



THE "WONDERFUL WEEKEND" IS OVER
AND DOTTY IS BACK AT EL KISCO...

IT WAS A MISTAKE
AND A DISAPPOINTMENT!
IT DOESN'T MATTER SO
MUCH WHAT GUY THINKS
OF ME. BUT...



REMEMBER
ME?

IT... IT'S
YOU!



IT'S HARD FOR ME TO SAY THIS
DOTTY, BUT... I APOLOGIZE! YOU TOLD
ME THE SCORE IN THE ROSE ARBOR
THAT NIGHT, AS YOU DEFENDED YOUR
FRIEND! I—I HAD YOU ALL WRONG!
MRS. SUMMERS TOLD ME EVERYTHING!



I WANT TO PROVE I MEAN THIS,
DOTTY. I WANT TO DO A PAINTING FOR
MR. AND MRS. SUMMERS... A
PORTRAIT OF YOU!

OH, GUY!



AND SO... DOTTY COMES BACK
TO THE SUMMERS'S ESTATE...

GUY'S CHANGED SINCE HE
MET DOTTY! HE'S MORE...
MORE HUMAN, SOMEHOW!

SHE'S A
GRAND
GIRL
AGATHA!

THE MAN WHO GETS
THE MODEL FOR THAT
PAINTING WILL BE
A LUCKY FELLOW,
DOTTY!

THANK YOU, GUY!
YOU'VE BEEN
SWELL, TOO...
IT'S TURNED
OUT TO BE A
WONDERFUL
WEEKEND,
AFTER ALL!



designs for



THANKS, FANS, FOR ALL THE BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS! HERE ARE SOME I'VE ADDED TO MY WARDROBE! I'LL TRY TO WEAR ONE OF YOURS IN A FUTURE ISSUE OF MY MAGAZINE!



MARLENE MEEGER
TANAGUA, PA.



DIANE ANDERSON
CHICAGO, ILL.



LENA FERGUSON
GLENDALE, CALIF.



SUSAN FRYDMAN
COLUMBUS, IND.



LAMONNE HARDEN
RADRONA, CALIF.



LOIS F. PRIDE
MEDFORD, MASS.



LOST LOVE

By Eleanor Solvey

Had He Come Back to Mend Her Heart—or Break It?

THE usual campus crowd was dancing at the Blue Badger. Shaded lights made a blue jungle of the floor, and the air was heavy with perfume and the thrum of the scratchy music.

One moment it was just like any other college formal, and the next moment it was different. The next moment there were whispers coming back and forth, and sudden silences, and guarded, eyes looks.

"Don't look now, but I'm almost sure—"

That sort of thing.

Reba Myrtle passed on the edge of the floor, sitting across 'Scabby' Larson's shoulder through a break in the dancers, staring at a tall young man whose dark hair curled up from a familiar, irregu-

larly handsome profile. Her face slowly whitered and her wide brown eyes darkened to black.

"Blake Hart!" Glenna Castile breathed beside her. "What I wouldn't give for a dance with him!"

Scabby turned to follow her gaze and winced. "What do you suppose a movie star like him is doing on the campus?"

He had a personal appointment at Spokane this week! Reba's voice was strange, almost mechanical.

Glenna glanced at her sharply. Look how pale she is," she giggled. "What a crush you must have on him!"

Reba refused not to hear her. Her eyes followed Blake Hart and his caddy blond partner with an almost painful intensity. Every line of his shapely head, every expression on his boyish face—how well



she knew them?

"Who's the girl?" she heard Glenn ask "somebody he brought in," Glenn's partner said deviously. "She isn't a campus girl."

"Oh, to be in her shoes!" Glenn sighed again.

"Well, now's your chance," Stabby said peacefully. "You'll probably never be any closer to him."

"If I only had Reba's nerve," Glenn sighed, glancing sideways at her silently snare.

Once more Reba turned not to hear her, and Glenn winked at the boys, making a little grimace at Reba's preoccupation. Grinning, the boys came to the bar.

"How about it, Reba? Are you going to uphold the glory of your Alma Mater? Can't let Hank ignore our Institute beauty this way, you know."

"I'm betting that Reba gets a dance with him. She'll do it if anyone can."

Reba shook them off half angrily. Her slender young figure was tensely erect, her head of black silken curls thrown back. Two feverish spots burned high on her cheeks.

She moved out among the dancers, her eyes following the progress of Blake Hart around the floor. And once more a flood of whispers surged over the room.

"Watch Reba. Myself! She's up to something again!"

Blake Hart was almost in the center of the floor when Reba intercepted him. There was only a ghost of a smile on his lovely white face. But her voice

was low and assured.

"Cut, please," she said, laying a hand on his arm. His cool blue eyes swept over her as if he had been so much wood. His cool, clipped voice said, "Sorry." And he and the little blond girl danced on.

Reba stood alone in the middle of the floor, wrapping a little her face whiter than before.

A ripple of amused laughter rippled around her, and burning it, her lips hardened and the two fiery spots of color returned to her cheeks.

She moved three steps and caught up with the famous star. Once more she laid her hand on his arm. Her face was stern, and her dark eyes flashed a challenge into his.

"Cut, please!" she said imperiously.

He stared, his own face stern and a little white. His blue gaze scored deep into her eyes.

"I'm sorry," he said again, with icy effort.

Suddenly a cartoon side of fury swept over Reba. It rose in her throat, flushed her face, blinded her eyes. It was as if another person lifted her hand, struck out at him in that moment. But when she saw the white mark of her hand against his dusky red face, she knew that she had done it.

The blond girl's scream was lost in the sudden excitement that followed. Stabby's voice said, "Here, you can't do that to Reba!" A dozen couples crowded up, and all at once they were the center of a malling, noisy, close-packed mass of college boys and girls.

Someone was holding Stabby back. He wanted to

light. Her mostly girls and boys alike had seized the opportunity to crowd around their favorite movie star, snatching at the flower in his lapel, touching his hands, his clothes, even his hair.

In vain the manager of the Blue Bucket shouted; in vain the members of the orchestra struck chords, and tooted blasts, and pounded on the drums. Confusion reigned.

Reba found herself pushed further and further away from Blake Hart. She was hardly conscious of pushing hands and jostling shoulders. She felt curiously numb.

A few moments later she was confronted by the manager and two policemen.

"She started it," the same manager cried. "I saw her slap him."

Numbly, Reba followed them out to the police car. In a daze she rode to the station house.

"Fifty dollars' fine for disturbing the peace," was her sentence.

Reba laughed shortly. The ride in the cool air had cleared her head. She emptied the contents of her evening bag on the police desk.

"There you are," she said sweetly.

The officer looked down at a lipstick, a tiny vial of perfume, two crumpled handkerchiefs, a comb, and a quarter.

"I've oversown my allowance, and I won't wear home," Reba said. "What's the alternative?"

"Ten days," he barked.

In the cell to which they led her, she stretched out on the cot, careless of her ruffled night dress. When the matron came by a few moments later she thought the girl was asleep.

But Reba was still staring at the ceiling when the key turned in the lock of her cell an hour later. She sprang to her feet. Beside the officer stood Blake Hart, a white muffler folded beneath his furrowed forehead, a little frown wedged between his straight dark brows.

"Well?" she said defiantly.

The officer jerked a thumb at her. "All right sister. You're through here."

"Did you pay my fine?" she demanded of Blake Hart.

He shrugged. "After all—"

She darted past him, tears filling her eyes, and fairly ran down the corridor to the desk officer who had sentenced her.

"Give him his money back!" she cried. "I want to stay in jail! I won't have him paying my fine!"

"Come down," the officer barked wearily.

"Come, Reba," Blake's voice was very gentle. "Let me take you home."

The touch of his hand on her arm sent a shivering weakness through her. She let him guide her outside and into a taxi. She kept her face averted, although she knew he had seen her teeth.

In the taxi he sat stiffly beside her, eyes averted. "I'm sorry, Reba. It was horrible of me to touch you that way. But I—I've felt pretty vindictive sometimes, remembering how a baker's daughter once snubbed her father's gardener's son."

"Why do you think I asked you to dance with me?" she said.

His smile was twisted. "Oh, I heard what they were saying. You were going to show them all you could attract the celebrity. It sounds just like the Reba Myerly I knew. You had to be first in everything—reckless and daring—yet not daring enough to risk your position by lying a—"

"Please!" she sobbed, into her handkerchief. "Don't you think I've been punished enough? Knowing that a million other girls share my dreams of you? That a million others treasure intimate memories—"

He turned to her, his blue eyes suddenly intense, his voice low. "There's one memory you have that no one shares, Reba," he said. "Remember—dancing!"

"Don't!" she sobbed again.

"I was desperate because I had no chance to see you. I climbed the case trails to your room, and waited for you to come up after dinner. Do you remember? No other has ever meant as much to me. No other has ever will!"

Her eyes were wide and stony with hope. "But the girl chose tonight—the blond one?"

"I never saw her before tonight. I picked her up down at the hotel just to have someone to take to the dance. I heard your class was going at the Blue Bucket. You had left when I called your society house—"

"Blake, oh, Blake, you can't mean—"

"Can't I?" he demanded, his voice clogged with broken laughter. "Why do you think I went to Hollywood and made good? So I could come back and marry the baker's daughter? But tonight I thought you were going to snub me again."

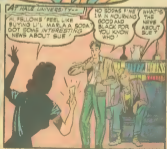
"Oh, darling, no! I was so young then. And so sure my parents knew what was right. Blake, can you forgive me?"

He answered her in the only satisfactory way—with his arms clear and hard about her, his lips warm and demanding on hers, his kiss thrusting her to the very depths of her being.











ON HARRY HAYSTACK AFTER RAILROAD
AND RIDING FOR HORSES...

WE LOOKING FOR A NEEDLE IN A
HAYSTACK 'AND ONLY FIVE CENTS LEFT'
GUESS I'LL BLOW IT ON A COKE



WAA... IT IS
SUE, HEY
SUE

S-S-S-S



HEY, SUE,
GET UP!
DARN IT!



GOSH, I CAN'T
FACE HIM 'N' WHY
CAN'T I JUST
DISAPPEAR, ??

SUE 'WILL
YOU LISTEN
TO REASON?



THE TRUCKLOAD OF HAY IS SUDDENLY
QUARANTINED AND...

OOOPS!

UHP!



SUE, HONEY 'MY
NEEDLE IN A HAY-
STACK... IT WAS A
CHANGE OF PLANS.
WASNT IT?'

YES, BUT... OH, SING,
HOW CAN I EVER
MAKE IT UP TO... TO
EVERYBODY?





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HAP HAZARD!

WE WANT
MONKEYSHINES!

I JUST LOVE
THAT HAP!

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HOW ABOUT
DOTTY?

-AND I CAN'T WAIT
UNTIL THAT NEW
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